

464 CANZON. PART HE NO
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Bright are the Sunbeams, on the water
 trembling! Much brighter, shining like
 love's holy fire₅ On well watered diamonds
 of^ those eyes, Whose heat's reflection,
 Love's Affection tries ! Sweet is the
 Censer₃ whose fume doth aspire
 Appeasing LOVE, when for revenge he flies !
 More sweet¹ the Censer, like thy seemly
 Nose! Whose beauty (than Invention's
 wonder higher!) Nine times nine Muses
 never could disclose*

Sweet Eglantine, I' cannot but commend
 Thy modest rosy blush I pure* white, and
 red!
 Yet I thy white and red praise more and
 more
 In my sweet Lady's Cheeks since they be
 shed.
 When Grapes to full maturity da tend,
 So round, so red, so sweet, all joy, before
 Continually, I long for them therefore
 To suck their sweet, and with my lips to
 touch!
 Not so much for the Muses' nectar sake,
 But that they from thy Lips their purpose
 take*
 Sweet! pardon, though I thee compare to
 such*
 Proud Nature,, which so white LOVE'S
 doves did make,
 And framed their lovely heads, so white
 and round,
 How white and round! It doth exceed so
 much,
 That nature nothing like thy Chin hath
 found !

Fair Pearls, which garnish my sweet Lady's
 neck: Fair orient pearls! O, how much I
 admire you ! Not for your orient glciss, or
 virtue's rareness, But that you touch her
 Neck, I much desire you ! Whose
 whiteness so much doth your lustre
 check, As whitest lilies" the Primrose in
 fairness ₅ A neck most gorgeous, qven i#
 Nature's bareness. Divine Rosebuds,
 which, when Spring doth surrender His
 cro^t). to Summer, h\$ last trophy
 Teareth; " By which he, from all
 seasons, the palm beareth ! Fair purple
 crisped folds sweet-dewed ari<J leader ;